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ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, and all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
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with despatch.
F. A. PRATT & CO., WM. MESSER.

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Children's Corner.

CAPT. RUSSELL'S WATCHWORD—TILL
TRY.

(Continued.)
"And now the time was approaching for me to
leave home again. I seldom did an evening pass
in which mother did not present the subject of
personal religion as something in itself indiscrib-
ably lovely."
"I do not wish you to be a Christian so that
you may simply be prepared to die," she said,
"but that you may be a Christian, and that you
may live with God, and that you may be able to
live with him in the future."
"I knew all this, but how could I become a
child of God? how could I obtain his favor?"
"First, you must feel the need, and then
make a determined effort to secure the ob-
ject of desire."
"During the next day I thought much of this
conversation. As there were presents on my table,
I gave them all to the poor, and then I felt
that I could not do more. I could not bear the
presence of others, and I went to my chamber to
be alone. When there I revolved the subject long
and seriously."
"Was it just, it is honorable, to withhold my
unfolding youth from my mother, to wait till she
had no more power to claim, and then offer him
a blighted heart and a stricken spirit? Would I
not meet my mother thus? How I did wish there
was some one to help me make the decision."
"I knew neither of them could do anything for me.
Each of them had pointed out the narrow way,
but I must enter it for myself, unaided by earthly
friends."
"The father would laugh at you," urged the
tempter. "How can you read the bible or pray
on shipboard? There was a pause—a struggle.
I knew that I could not make myself a Christian,
still I could open my heart, and the Heavenly
guest would enter and take possession there. I
could consecrate myself to God; that must be my
own act, and He would fit me for His service. I
strove for the blessing, confident of the fulfillment
of the promise."
The decision was made. I prostrated myself
before the bedside and besought the great God to
make me his child. I strove to have no reserve
in the consecration, and I made the decision.
That night I devoted upon me in the future."
When I arose from my kneeling posture, though
I felt a robe of rapture as Ralph had described,
yet there was a fixed resolution to live a Christian.
I went down stairs and found my chest all
in readiness. What an array of nicely turned
shirts, new stockings, pants and jackets, all in
order."
"How could you do so much?" mother, "I
said, as I can afford it."
"Because my heart was in it," was her reply.
"A mother's love prompted every act."
"We had much to say that evening. I felt that
I ought to make known my decision, and I hoped
I would retire, she often did, and leave
me alone with mother. I could tell mother and
pray with her, but I was strangely afraid of No-
bel. It was hard to speak before my sister, but
at last I came and she continued to knit. I
trembled, but how could I expect God to help
me, if I made no forward step to help myself?
Then I took up the Bible and asked mother if I
should read. There was a struggle, but at last
she gave her consent, and I began to read. I
read a few verses of the Gospel, and it all came
easy, and I poured out my heart in prayer. When
I rose from my knees we were all weeping."
"I can tell you from me now," said mother.
"I can trust you will be constant keeping God."

REMINISCENCE OF MY ENGLISH HOME.

It was early morn, grey and cheerless as Feb-
ruary mornings in England usually are, when a
nurse came to the bedside of my young friend
Ellis H., and gently waking her told her that her
sister, Marianna, was dying, and that she wished
to see her. Quickly the trembling fear of com-
ing sorrow would allow—for she had yet but a
shadowy dread of the separation Death would
cause—the rose, and then with her sister and
brother she accompanied the nurse to the house of
her grandparents, now saddened by the near ap-
proach of the Angel of Death.
The last words of love and counsel were spoken
to Mary, and then it was Ellis's turn. It
seemed to her as though the trouble were all hers,
so deeply did she love her sister. For though she
struggled hard, she could not control the sobs
which burst forth, as the voice of that loved sister
reminded her of all which they had talked to-
gether of Death and Heaven, and telling her that now
she would see with Jesus, begged her with
broken utterance to come to her there.
How lovely was that room—and how full it
seemed to Ellis of angels waiting to bear her aunt
away. How this thought hushed her sobs, and
solomonically she stood, while yet other words were
said to Eva and Harry. Then, as she left the
room, came the thought that she had listened to
that voice for the last time—that she could never
twice hear again that loved voice again—and she
yielded to this her first grief, and wept bitterly.
LITTLE WILLIE.
He laid him down to slumber,
As fell the quiet night,
His dark, soft eyes grew glowing
With all a child's delight.
The shadows hid him,
In many a snowy fold,
The broad, fair brow creased,
By clustering curls of gold.
The cheek of rosy flush,
On his white pillow pressed,
Sweet lips in prayer yet moving,
As sinks the baby to rest;
A mother's kiss showered
On lips and brow and cheek,
And hushed him, and he closed,
A cherub next night sleep.
When life's long day is closing,
At last, fair boy, for thee,
Thine eyes grow dim with shadows
Of this mortality.
When on the dying pillow,
Thy mother's cheek is pressed,
And the white shrouds fold
Above thy peaceful breast,
Then may'st thou sink as gladly,
As trustfully to sleep,
With true affection blessing,
Thy shadow, calm and deep.
A prayer, like childhood's whisper,
Breathed with confident faith,
Upon thy pale lips lying,
As falls the night of death.
—From Child's Paper.

SONG FOR MAY.

It is May, it is May,
And all earth is gay;
For at last old winter is quite away;
He lingered awhile on his cloak of snow,
To see the delicate primroses bloom;
He saw it, and he smiled, and he stayed,
And now it is May, it is May.
It is May, it is May,
And we bless the day;
When we first delighted to see can say,
April had been and his showers,
Yet here he is, and he is in the clear blue sky;
And he brings with him, and he brings with him,
But now it is May, it is May.
It is May, it is May,
And the flowers obey;
The beams which above are more bright than they,
And the birds sing thankfully out on high,
For there is no longer in the cold blue sky;
The lambs and the cows and the chicks seem to
say,
With my glad heart, 'T is May, 't is May.

Poetry.

OUR LILLIE.
BY M. D. N.

See that Lily, dush and fragrant,
Nestling in a bright bouquet;
Fairest of the many flowers,
Yet content to hide away.
Watch it, as each hour passes,
See it slowly drop and fade;
Till at last the once fresh Lily,
Is but worthless and decayed.
So it was with our Lillie—
Once so full of joy and mirth,
Yet wistful so fair and lovely—
She scarce seemed a child of earth—
Like the Lily in the flowers,
So she nestled midst us here—
Making all around her happy,
Growing every day more dear.
But at last we saw our Lillie,
Growing old, so thin and pale,
While the hollow cough that racked her,
Told our hearts a mournful tale.
Her sweet smile grew fainter, fainter,
While her voice was soft and low,
And 'tho' we hoped long to keep her,
Yet our hearts still whispered—"No."
So she closed her eyes one morning,
Those dark eyes, once filled with love,
Then we knew our angel Lillie,
Was a bright young flower above.

THE GOLDEN HAND.

From out the city's heart and dust
A golden hand is ever thrust,
Uplifting, from a spire on high,
A golden finger in the sky.
I see it when the morning brings
Fresh dews of life in living things,
And the great world awakes; behold
That quiet hand in morning gold.
I see it when the noontide heats
Palaces of fire in busy streets;
The dust lies in the flaming air;
Above, that Golden Hand is there.
I see it when the twilight clings
Around the earth with rosy wings;
Flashing with the last fluttering ray,
That Golden Hand remembers Day.
The midnight comes—the holy hour;
The city lies a ghastly tower,
Sleeps full of dew; that Hand, in light
Of moon and stars, how strangely bright!

Selected Tale.

'NOT BY NIGHT.'

In one of the narrowest streets of a
great English town, there lived, ten years
ago, a drayman and his wife. They had
no children; they were rough and ignorant,
they had a godless home—the scene of
many quarrels, and of few enjoyments.—
The wife however had seen better days—days
of brief, yet unforgetten service at a farm
"down south"—and with a gentler husband
might have been induced to tread a better
path. But tall George Robinson was
never—at least in those days—to make
anybody better.

It happened at this time that Sally's
former mistress died leaving an orphan
almost penniless. Hearing of this, Sally's
old love awoke.

"Miss Kate must come here, George,"
she said, one evening.

"She shan't," said George. "I can't
afford it. And more than that, I can't
live with your saints. They're all a set of
hum—"

"Now, George!" and Sally grew angry.
"She won't cost you a penny. She'll earn
her living, or I'll earn it for her."

"Gammon!" said George.
"I tell you it isn't gammon."

"And I tell thee it is, and to prove it,
I'll let her come. But I'll bet thee—"

"No, I won't bet," said his wife, turning
away to hide her joy. "But I'll ask Sykes
to write to her, and tell her to come on time."

"Go ahead, then," said Robinson. "I'll
try her; but if she don't earn her bread,
I'll kick her out, you just remember that!"

Sally went her way, and in another
week Miss Kate arrived, with a light purse
and a heavy heart, at the great terminus
of the southern railway.

"O Sally, Sally!" she cried weeping bit-
terly. "I haven't a friend in the wide world
but you!"

"Dear lamb!" said the kind hearted
creature, in whose eyes Kate was still the
little child she cared for years ago. "I'll
make you happy if I can. I will."

"God help you," said Kate; "say that,
dear Sally—"

"God helping me," said Sally, speaking
quickly.

"No; say it like a prayer—"

"I can't. I never pray."

"O Sally, how very sad!" But God has
sent me here that we may pray together;
don't you think so?"

Sally did not answer. She began to
reverence this girl of fifteen, as she had
once her mother. Yes; it was true that
God had sent the child.

"Miss Kate," as Sarah had been wont
to call her, was a womanly little person-
age, with a kind face set off by large loose
curls, and eyes of great depth and beauty.
Trained by a christian mother, she was al-
ready one of nature's gentlemen—indus-
trious, thrifty, clever in domestic matters,
and possessed of a true heart that found its
joy in God. As they walked home she
spoke of her dead mother.

"She prayed for you dear Sally."

"Dare say," said Sally, in a husky voice,
as they at last turned into the street which
she described as "our." "And you'll not
mind my husband, miss," she added, with
her hand upon the door. "He's rough, but
he ain't bad hearted."

"Oh, I am resolved to make friends with
him," said Kate.

Sally shook her head doubtfully, and
went in. A group of her husband's friends
were gathered round the fire, and one of
them, who had received a better education
than the rest, was reading a newspaper
and lecturing thereupon.

"Halloa!" cried George, "here's the old
lass already. But where's our miss?"

"Outside," said Sally; "d'ye think I'd
bring her into such a smoke as this? Bah!
it's enough to smother a poor body. Open
the window, Mr. Sykes, there's a good cre-
ature. I'm sure my miss can't eat her sup-
per here."

"Then she can go without," said George;
"or eat it out-door. Nobody wants her
to stay I tell thee!"

Sally had begun the wrong way, and
she knew it; but the entrance of her guest
prevented her reply.

"This is my husband, miss," said Sally,
respectfully; and Sykes, and Rock, and
Wilson have come to sit a bit."

"And are about to go off to the beer
shop to make room for you," said Wilson,
with mock defiance.

"No don't do that," said Kate. "I wish
to hear you talk. What you said just as
Sally opened the door, about the poor
man's rights, was very good. I like to
hear you. I want to know all about it."

The four men started, as laying aside
their bonnet, they sat down at the table; while
Bob Sykes nearly twisted his short neck
in order to avoid puffing a smoke cloud
into her pretty face. But Wilson did not
proceed with his long speech, for Sally,
finding that the fire was low began scold-
ing her husband who, on his side, showed
signs of insubordination.

"Bother your kettle," he exclaimed, with
an angry gesture. "I'll turn you and your
kettle out together, if you don't take care."

"You won't," cried Mrs. Robinson, an-
grily.

ly, 'though I'd turn out myself as soon as
look, I would—"

"No, no, dear Sally," and a little hand
lay on her arm. "I don't want tea to night,
and if you say such words on my account,
I shall be very wretched. Let me have
some cold water and a piece of bread—"

"No, that thou shan't," cried Bob Sykes,
starting up. "I'll blow the fire myself, I
will—" and words which we will not write
escaped his lips.

"You are so kind," said Kate, and yet she
shuddered, "will you forgive me if I ask
you a great favor?"

"Forgive thee—with that face and voice
—so like my lad that died? Ay, that I
will," said Bob, as he bent down to hear
her.

"Then don't ask God to send you to
hell if you don't blow the fire—"

Bob drew back with a frown. What!
don't you like it, Miss Sanctified," said he
mockingly.

Her eyes were full of tears as she looked
up.

"Did you speak to your boy like that?"
she asked in a voice that reached his ear
alone.

"Is it a worse thing to be sanctified,
than to be wicked?"

He did not answer, but began to blow
the fire, while Sally set the tea things on
a little table in the corner. Presently,
however, he stopped and looked at Kate.

"And dost thou really mean to say that
thou art really sanctified?" said he, inquir-
ingly; because if thou dost thou art a
humbug!"

"I don't," said Kate, sitting down beside
the fire. "To be sanctified is to be quite
holy; and I am only just beginning to
love holiness."

"Oh that's it! And how can't thou
begin it? Didst see a vision, or a ghost,
or a what?"

"I saw the Love of Christ in dying for
my sins," said Kate, fixing her deep look
on him; "I saw what I hope your dead
boy saw before he died."

"And what was that?"

"That heaven was my home, because
Christ died for me."

"Bah! you and he were young fools,
both of you."

"Kate thought a minute, with her eyes
fixed on the fire. "It does not matter,"
she said presently. "I would rather be
thought a fool and go to heaven, than think
myself wise and be lost."

In answer to this Bob blew the fire again,
and when at last the water began to boil,
took up his hat and left the house without
a word.

And what's up with Bob Sykes?" asked
George with a broad stare.

"Why, hast thou not heard 'lass yon-
der preach about his lad 'at died?" asked
Robinson, with a glance at Kate. "She's
worked him up, my word for it; for young
Bob was one of her own sort, and all the
time he lay dying old Bob never swore an
oath."

"The more fool he, to be led about by a
pack of women and children," said George
Robinson. "Just let me catch her preach-
ing about me, and I'll tell her what's
o'clock!"

Kate heard him, and her heart beat
all the faster, but she did not fear.

Mrs. Robinson had a temper—there was
no question about that. It was also a well
known fact that said "temper was by no
means a good one. And yet she did not
drive her husband to the beer shop at the
corner, perhaps because she was a first
rate plain cook, and had always a good fire
in winter and a quantity of home made
ginger beer in summer, for him and his
rough guests.

Miss Kate soon discovered this failing
in dear old Sally, and set herself diligen-
tly to amend the matter. In this she so
far succeeded, that quarrels between the
husband and the wife were less frequent,
and less noisy than of yore. Still there
was much of their evening readings
and Kate's earnest prayers; for Sally had
rather a liking for the excitement of an al-
tercation, and George was often rude to his
wife and her gentle guest.

One evening, when Bob Sykes had ven-
tured to face Miss Kate once again, and
when George was about to attack a dish of
porridge and a quart bowl of milk, Sally
sat down beside her little friend and
watched her busy hands—for Kate was
already bonnet-trimmer to the neighbor-
hood.

"Go mend my stockings," said Robinson,
who was provoked that his recent proph-
cy concerning the new comer was likely
to remain unfulfilled. "Thee'd best look
sharp. I tell thee, or I'll make thee darn
that hole next Sunday."

Sally looked up with a sharp word on
her lips, but a look from Kate checked her
ready anger. Swallowing a large amount
of indignation, she waited a few moments
and then spoke.

"Thy stockings are already mended, old
boy, and thy waistcoat too. Don't think
we do nothing all day?"

George looked at her in silence. Not so
Mr. Robert Sykes, to whom this gentle
answer was something new.

"Why, Sally, thee's mad," he cried—
"What's done with thy cheek, own lass?"

Sally looked at Kate and said, "Ask my
young lady."

Bob looked at Miss Kate and smiled till
his great whiskered face looked almost
handsome. "It's all thy doing, then is it?"
I thought it were. Thou'st read thy book
to the old lass Miss Kate!"

"I have read God's book, Mr. Sykes,"
said Kate, "and Sally has listened to his
holy words. Would you not like me to
read to you sometimes?"

She ventured to say this because his
manner was at once respectful and confi-
ding; because his smile was so unlike that
of their first meeting. He answered by
placing a bible in her hand. "Yes, read
that," he exclaimed with deep emotion; "it
belonged to my lad 'at's gone. Read where
he put marks, wilt thou?"

"Not here," cried Robinson, springing
up and snatching the Bible from the white
hands of Kate. "I'll have no games of
that sort here, tell thee."

"O George," said his wife pleading, "let
her go on."

"I won't!" said Robinson, whose face
was flushed with passion; "you say ano-
ther word and I'll pitch your old book into
the fire."

It was Bob's turn to speak now. "Just
let me catch thee at it!" he cried, sternly.
"Give me that book, I tell thee, or—"

"Or what?"

Involuntarily Bob Sykes clenched his fist.
It was enough. Another moment, and
the book was cast into the flames; and
another, and Kate, at the price of a scorch-
ed hand, had rescued it from destruction;
another, and Bob Sykes had flown at Rob-
inson, who, on his part desired nothing
better than a fight; another and little Kate
rushing between the combatants, was by
George Robinson's unmanly hand, laid
senseless on the floor.

"Blood, blood!" cried Sally, as thrusting
aside a mass of curls she showed a fearful
wound. "Run George, if you don't want
to be a murderer,—the doctor—for your
life!"

He did run for his life, with that word
murderer! ringing in his ears—that sense-
less form with the blood streaming from a
ghastly wound ever before his eyes. The
doctor came back with him and they car-
ried her upstairs.

God's ways are not like ours. That
dreadful night was the beginning of better
times, not only to George Robinson but to
Bob Sykes and Sally.

As little Kate recovered very slowly,
they had to carry her in their strong arms,
to tempt her appetite with dainty fare, and
to anticipate her every wish. And all this
did those two rough men accomplish, even
more tenderly than the kind-hearted Sally;
as, in a silent rivalry, they strove night
after night to hasten her recovery. There
was no smoking, no noisy talk. Kate lay
upon a little couch George had arranged
with chairs and boxes, and listened dream-
ily while Sykes, who knew well how to
please her, read in a low voice the chap-
ter his boy had loved; and Robinson, no longer
opposing this, listened until at last he
learned to obey the Word.

And thus, although Kate was too ill to
talk to them, she knew that the good work
was begun in those three hearts, when at
last, leaning on George's arm with Bob
Sykes and Mrs. Robinson before her,
she walked, in gratitude too deep for words,
to the beloved and longed for house of pray-
er, it was her joy to know that they were
all through faith in Christ, at peace with
the Most High.

Yes, little Kate, thy prayers were heard
and answered; but it was not by thy
might nor thy power, but by the Spirit of
the living God, that these three stubborn
hearts were bowed before the cross. And
yet it shall be remembered evermore in
heaven that thou wast chosen as the human
instrument in this great work of God, that
his blessing in that life's sweet spring—
that thou mightest shine as do the stars,
in all his glorious kingdom.

Sons of Malta.

The truth of the following history of this
mysterious order we do not vouch for:—

"In the year 1048 some merchants of
Memphis, trading to the Levant, obtained
leave of the caliph of Egypt to erect a
house for those who went on a pilgrimage
to Jerusalem. They erected a hospital
for the sick. A. D. 1104, when they ob-
tained the name of Hospitaliers. A. D.
1118, they became a military order, and
many persons of noble blood entered their
ranks. After the Christians had lost their
interest in the East, and Jerusalem was
taken, the knights returned to Margat,
Acre and Ptolemais, which they defended in
1250. The order of the Sons of Malta is
a direct representation of this formerly
military religious order. The island of
Malta is still in possession of the Sons of
Malta, who rent it to the British govern-
ment as a depot for military stores.

All Sons familiar with the history of
the order, will remember that it was one
of the early Sons of Malta, Publius, who
entertained in the most hospitable man-
ner St. Paul, when he was shipwrecked on
the island whence they derive their name.
We do not know if he held any office in the
order, but he is described as the chief man
of the island."

Sabbath Reading.

COMPLETE IN CHRIST—Col. 11, 10—

The pardoned sinner is content, for awhile,
with the boon of forgiveness, and is too
overjoyed with a sense of freedom from
bondage, to know a wish beyond. In a
little time, however, he bethinks himself of
his position, his wants and his prospects.
What is then his rapture at the discovery
that the roll of his pardon is also an inden-
ture of all wealth, a charter of all privi-
leges, a title deed of all needed blessings!
Having received Christ, he hath obtained
all things in him. All things are in the
cross—by this we conquer, by this we live,
by this we are purified, by this we con-
tinue firm unto the end. While sitting
beneath the shadow of our Lord, we think
ourselves most rich, for angels seem to
sing, *Ye are complete in Him.*

Precious sentence! May the great
Teacher guide us into this mystery of the
perfection of the saints and may our medi-
tation be cheering and profitable to our
spirits. As the words are few, let us dwell
on them, and gain the sweet which lie so
compactly in this little cell.

In Him—Here is the doctrine of one-
ness with Jesus. The church is so allied
to her Lord that she is positively one with
him. She is the bride, and he the bride-
groom. She the body and he the glorious
head. So is every individual believer
united to Christ. Never can the convinced
soul obtain peace, until like Ruth she finds
rest in the house of her kinsman, Jesus the
Lord, who becomes her husband. It is
eminently desirable that every saint should
attain a full assurance of his union to
Christ, and it is exceedingly important
that he should labor to maintain a constant
sense thereof, for although the mercy may
be the same, yet his comfort from it will
vary according to his apprehension of it.

A landscape is as fair by night as by day,
but who can perceive its beauties in the
dark? Even so, we must see, or rather
believe this union, to rejoice in it.

No condition out of Paradise, can be
more blessed than that which is produced
by a lively sense of oneness with Jesus.

To know and to feel that our interests are
mutual, our bonds indissoluble, and our
lives united, is indeed to dip our morsel in
the golden dish of Heaven. There is no
sweeter canticle for mortal lips than the
sweet song, "My beloved is mine and I
am his."

Verily the stream of life floweth along
easily when commingled with him who is
our life. Walking with our arm upon the
shoulder of the beloved is not simply safe,
but delightful; and living with his life is
a noble style of immortality, which may
be enjoyed upon earth.

WE ARE COMPLETE WITHOUT HUMAN
MERIT—Brothers, let us see to it that
we are resting alone in the righteousness
of Jesus. Let us never forget that if we
are perfect, we are perfect only in him—
While we diligently cultivate works of ho-
liness, let us be careful lest we seek to
add to the perfect work of Jesus. Blessed
completely through the God-man, let our
unbelief be ashamed, and let our admira-
tion be fastened upon this interesting and
delightful state of privilege. Arise, be-
lievers and behold thyself perfect in
Christ Jesus. Rejoice that thou art com-
plete in him! Look on thine own nothing-
ness and be humble, but look at Jesus,
thy great representative, and be glad! Be
not so mindful of thine original poverty as
to forget the infinite riches which he has
conferred upon thee. It will save thee
many prayers if thou wilt learn to think
of thyself as being in Him, and as being
by his glorious grace accepted in Him, and
perfect in Christ Jesus.

There are not a few, whose uneasy souls
are panting for an unknown good. They
hurry from country to country, attempting
a hopeless escape from themselves; they
flit from pleasure to pleasure with the only
gain of fresh grief from repeated disap-
pointments. Verily the aromatics and
balm of Araby might be exhausted ere
the elixir of satisfaction could be distilled.
We speak from experience, for we too were
once like the unclean spirit seeking rest
and finding none; we once groined for an
unseen something, which in all our joys we
could not find. Now, by God's great love,
we have found the water which has quenched
our thirst—it is that which Jesus gives,
the living water of his grace. We revel
in the sweets of the name of Jesus,
and long for naught beside. Like Napu-
tate, we are satisfied with favor and full of
the blessing of the Lord. Like Jacob, we
exclaim, "It is enough." The soul is an-
ticipated, the desire is satisfied with fatness,
the whole man is rich to all the intents of
bless, and looketh for more. Now my
doubting soul may boldly and believingly
say with Thomas, "My Lord and my
God."—Spurgeon.

SHELDON & Co. have procured a fine
steel portrait of the Rev. H. C. Spurgeon,
which will be found in the fifth series
of these sermons recently issued.

One thing, alone, dear Lord, I dread,
To have a secret spot,
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1748

from the Easternmost extremity of the
said line, till it be terminated by the east-
ernmost end of a line three miles east from
the easternmost part of a cove in the said
Bay, which is to the southward of Nane-
quaket.—And one other line from the de-
termination of the last line, to the sea
running on such course as to be three
miles east from the easternmost part of the
bay, adjoining to Scitowast, on Rhode
Island.—and that the said distance of
three miles, east and northeast, are to be
measured from high water mark,—and this
Court doth hereby settle, adjust and de-
termine,

